

FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR



CREEPY
37
JAN/71

CREEPY

A WALTER
MAGAZINE

POD
60¢



KING KELLER...SAGA
OF THE MONSTERS WHO WERE
NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE

DAL SATOR

THIS MACABRE
MESSAGE OF TRUE
TELLER HARKENS
FROM THE BLACK
TOMBS OF SUNNY
ITALY WHERE
MADOR SCREAMS
IN THE DEAD OF
NIGHT...

I
WAS
BURNED
ALIVE!!

AN ATTEMPT IS BEING MADE TO
COMMUNICATE WITH THE SPIRITS
WHEN...

OOOOH! A VERY STRONG
CONTACT...

OH! THE TERROR!
THE AGONY!

SOMETHING'S TRYING
TO GET THROUGH
TO US!

SPEAK
SPIRIT!

I AM RASH MENCHIOLI.
I LIVED IN A VILLAGE NEAR
CAMBRIO... I AM BURIED IN
THE CITY CEMETERY.
BURNED ALIVE!!

ITALY
SEPT.
1950

TAKE MY BODY
FROM THAT GRAVE.
I CANNOT REST
UNTIL YOU
DO!

THE FOLLOWING DAY...



GOOD GOD!
THE MADOR
SHE MUST HAVE
SURPRISED!

ITALY - SEPT.
1950



THE NEXT WEEK, A
SECOND SEANCE...

THANK YOU... I HAVE
FOUND PEACE IN
MY NEW GRAVE...
ETERNAL PEACE!

HOW MANY OTHERS?
MY GOD!

EMBALMING IS
NOT PRACTICED IN
THE RURAL AREAS.

HOW MANY
OTHERS?!

THIS COULD
HAPPEN EVEN
NOW!



IT IS BELIEVED THAT UNTIL
1900 OVER THREE
THOUSAND PERSONS
ANNUALLY WERE BURNED
ALIVE IN ENGLAND AND
AMERICA. SO, CREEPYISTS,
THOSE MUFFLED CRIES YOU
HEAR AT MIDNIGHT IN THE
OLD CEMETERY MAY NOT
BE ENTIRELY YOUR
IMAGINATION?



CREEPY

NO. 37

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DOUGLASS MOENCH, BILL WARREN

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Can any man alter his face in life? Duke Curry doesn't stop at murder to try!



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A few more way-out sketches and even further out stories



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Mr. Hawkins has a unique solution for an unusual problem — If one can afford his price!



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Mystery, adventure and the Occult lurk within The Castle



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Haunting horror lurks everywhere... Even in kiddies cartoon show!



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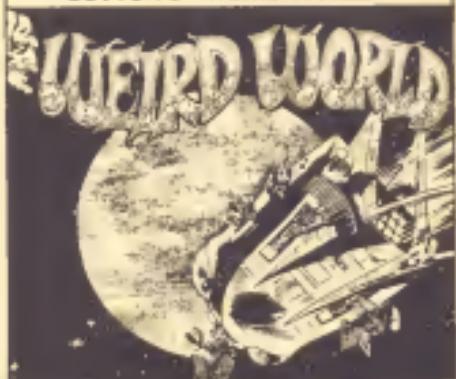
MAIL

"Nine stories in one issue is just too many!"

EEERIE, and F.M. and I wish that every Saturday afternoon you guys had a CREEPY cartoon show.

ARTHUR LONDON
Flushing, N.Y.

A SCENE FROM TOM SUTTON'S "WEIRD WORLD"



Nine stories in one issue is just too many. You may get more variety but you lose a lot in plot and characterization. Santa I'm largely a swords and sorcery fan, the story I liked best in this issue (No. 35) was Godslayer. But even that appeared to have been crammed into those six pages with quite a few elements missing.

What I'd like to see is some longer stories like the 21 pages in Vampirina! No. 8 and "The Terror Beyond Time" in Creepy No. 15. I'd also like to see more stories about continuing characters such as Thane, Amazonia and Vampirina.

Israel Oppenheimer
San Francisco, Calif.

I think your issue No. 36 was great. "Weird Worlds" was fabulous. It was like if you were there. The art by Tom Sutton was out of this world. The story by Nicola Cuti was great also. He expressed things so good. The other stories were good too, but could have been better. Try to get some real bloody stories into your mags. Remember, the bloodier, the better. Hurry up with your next issue.

MICHAEL LONG
New York, N.Y.

WE BLOODY-WELL WILL, MIKE.

CREEPY is one of the all time greats in comic book & magazine history! But why so much Science Fiction? I know that it adds variety and all, but frankly, I agree with E.A. Poe, whose comment "To put it bluntly, this stuff stinks!"

PERRY LOFTNESS
Sioux Falls, S.D.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE, PERRY.

Issue No. 36 was the most I mean you guys got great front covers (as usual). And those weird stories, like "WOW!" I always buy CREEPY.

what do you think it was? Right! A copy of CREEPY. By the time I got well again I had begun to collect your mags from any sources I could. Since then I have from issue No. 30 to No. 35 and hope to get all of your earlier back issues. I don't mind telling you, each time I need a new one, I get scared sick all over again.

CHARLES BASILE
Brooklyn, N.Y.

26 to No. 36, AND QUIT SENDING LETTERS TO THAT JELLY BELLY COUSIN OF MINE. HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING, I'M THE TOP KNOW IT ALL CREEP AROUND HERE.

CREEPY No. 35 was neat. The cover was sharp. "Tough Custom-are" and "Legend in Gold" was good but "Polly Wants a Wizard" Stunk. The story was all fouled up. "Army of the Walking Dead" was beautiful. "Godslayer" and "It's grim" were average. "The Druids Curse" was JUNK. "Gunsmoke Charlie" went up in smoke. "Justice" was perfect. I was surprised to see 5 stories! It just goes to show you how perfect CREEPY is. I was glad to see Roger Brand back this issue with "Legend in Gold."

JOE HAMMELL
Trion, N.Y.

IS YOUR NEWSSTAND WITH IT?

If you can't find CREEPY or EERIE or VAMPIRELLA on your favorite newsstand, here's something you can do about it. Just fill out this coupon to let us know where that backward newsstand is. We'll see that they get with it.

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RICHARD S. JOHNSON
Bensenville, Ill.

THE ISSUES YOU MENTION ARE AVAILABLE. TRY CHECKING A FEW OF THE LATER ISSUES FOR ADS SHOWING BACK ISSUES FROM NO.

JOE, M'BOY. YOU'RE GREAT. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE. WE CAN'T WIN EM ALL BUT WE'RE TRYING. IF I CAN PLEASE YOU, THEN I'VE WON A VICTORY. I'M GONNA TRY HARDER. LET ME KNOW IF I SUCCEED.

“Why so much science fiction? Print more horror!”



THIS
DRAMATIC
SCENE IS
FROM
“THE
COOL
JAZZ
GOHUL”
ILLUSTRATED
BY
KEN
KELLEY

I think that everybody was waiting for “THE FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLEMARE,” since the model sold so well.

Confidentially, you don’t have to worry about competition from EERIE, (since your writers are better!) I’ll be waiting for another one like issue No. 34 in the stores.

ROBERT LARKIN
Greenville, Tenn.

THANKS BOBBY,
BOY. IT MAKES YOUR
OLE’ UNK’S BONES
CREEP WITH JOY TO
HEAR FROM SANS LIKE
YOU. NOW MAYBE THAT
LITTLE COUSIN WHAT’S-
HIS-FACE WILL KNOW
WHO’S CREEPYER AROUND HERE.

Thank you for publishing my poetry (Now CREEPY, “The Witch of the Cave” by Wolfgang von Reuben) I am complimented. I can tell you

that it has boosted sales where I come from. I have some 40 relatives that have purchased an edition of CREEPY No. 30 when they heard I had my work in it.

JOHN DEARDEN
So. Adworth, N.H.

ANYTIME JOHN,
JUST KEEP SENDING IN
AND LET’S BOOST SALES
SOME MORE. ESPECIALLY MINE.



“In my opinion...”
What is your opinion?
Let us hear it. Address
your mail to:
DEAR UNCLE CREEPY
145 East 32nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10016

I have been a fan of yours ever since the beginning. I thought that issue No. 34 was great! I enjoyed the “COOL JAZZ

GOHUL” and “THE FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLEMARE” best of the issue. I feel the writers of them deserve an award.

SUBSCRIBE—OR DIE!

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AH! SCALPELS ALL SHARP AND GLEAMING... SURGICAL MASKS
ALL NEATLY IN PLACE...? THEN ENTER MY OCCULT OPERATING
ROOM AND LET'S DISSECT...

The Cadaver



In July of 1895, the anatomy classes at Edinburgh Medical College are proceeding smoothly and on schedule, as did all things in that institution of higher learning. The renowned Professor Irwin Flywheel has begun his lecture punctually, as usual, and he is boring his students to death—as usual...



BUT PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL WILL ALLOW NOTHING TO INTERRUPT HIS MONOTONOUS LECTURE...

APPLY A SIMPLE ELECTRICAL STIMULUS AND THE MUSCLE REACTS. SO I ASK YOU, GENTLEMEN!

IF ELECTRICITY, ACTING AS AN EXTERNAL STIMULUS, IS ABLE TO CAUSE DEAD TISSUE TO MOVE, WOULD IT NOT THEN BE POSSIBLE TO REJUVENATE LIFE WITH SUCH A STIMULUS? PONDER THAT QUESTION, MY BOYS!

WITH PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL'S LECTURE AT AN END, THE STUDENTS QUIETLY FILE OUT OF THE HALL UNTIL ONLY THREE VERY BORED YOUNG MEN REMAIN. THEIR NAMES: CUSHING, SEDGWICK AND KEMPE...

THIS IS ALL GETTING RATHER DULL, YOU KNOW!

WAIT A MINUTE, MATES! I HAVE A GREAT IDEA! FOLLOW ME!

I AGREE. THE QUESTION IS, HOW CAN WE LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT?

KEMPE LEADS HIS TWO FRIENDS DOWN TO THE LECTURE PLATFORM, WHERE THEY ALL GATHER AROUND THE DISSECTED CADAVER...

WELL, LET'S HEAR YOUR IDEA, KEMPE!

YES! LET'S HEAR IT!

IT'S VERY SIMPLE, REALLY. WE'LL BUILD A HUMAN BEING! WE'VE GOT ALL THE PARTS RIGHT HERE. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PUT HIM TOGETHER.

BUILD A HUMAN BEING? WELL, WHY NOT?

A SPLENDID IDEA!
WE CAN WORK IN THAT OLD LABORATORY NO ONE USES ANYMORE.
IT SHOULD BE FUN!

THE BOYS ARE ABOUT TO KIDNAP THE CADAVER,
WHEN SUDDENLY...

WAIT! YOU THERE! KEMPE!
SERGEANT CUSHING!
WHAT DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE DOING?

OH-OH! IT'S PROFESSOR
FLYWHEEL!

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

JUST KEEP QUIET! LET ME DO
THE TALKING!

REALLY? AND WHAT IS THIS
NEW PROJECT, MR. KEMPE?

OH, YES!
CERTAINLY!

WHY, PROFESSOR FLY-
WHEEL! WE WERE JUST
GOING TO CONSULT YOU
ON A NEW PROJECT! THE
FACT IS, WE WERE INSPIRED
BY YOUR WONDERFULLY
FORCEFUL LECTURE —
WEREN'T WE, MATES?

WELL... WE WERE THINKING OF BUILDING A MAN...

PURELY IN THE INTEREST
OF SCIENCE, MIND YOU!

WHAT! HAVE
YOU ALL GONE
MAD! I'LL NOT
HEAR OF IT!

AND WE COULD TAKE THE
OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE YOUR
THEORY OF ELECTRICAL
REJUVENATION BY BRINGING
THE CADAVER BACK TO LIFE!

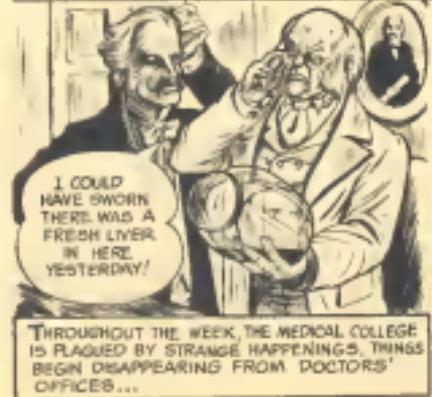
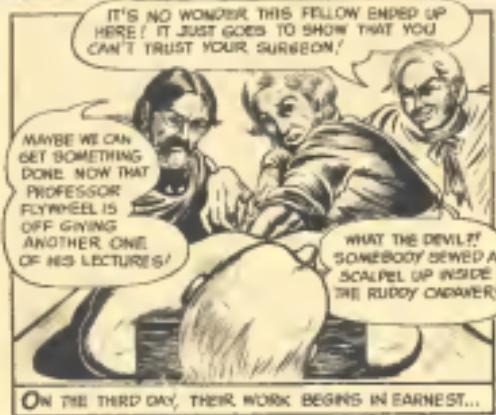
YOU'VE ALWAYS
WANTED A CHANCE
TO SHOW THE WORLD
THAT YOUR THEORY
IS CORRECT,
HAVEN'T YOU?

AN OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE MY
THEORY, DID YOU SAY?
HMM...

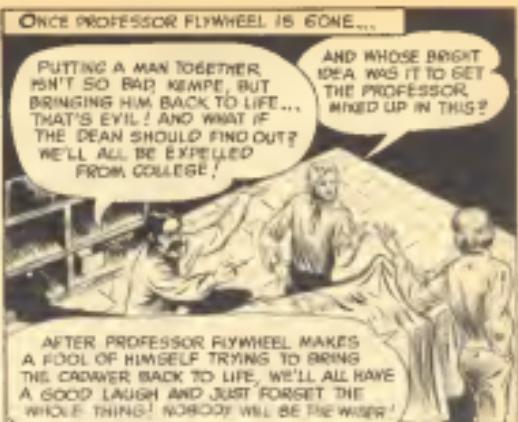
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND
THERE, MY BOYS! LET'S
GET STARTED!



WITHIN A MATTER OF DAYS, PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL AND HIS THREE CONFEDERATES ARE READY TO BEGIN WORK IN AN OLD ABANDONED LABORATORY SAFE FROM PRYING EYES...









WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU NOT TO LET US DOWN, PROFESSOR!

ALL RIGHT... I'LL DESTROY HIM, JUST AS YOU SAY.

WITH THAT, KEMPE, CUSHING AND SEDGEWICK, BEAT A HASTY RETREAT...

WHAT WAS ALL OF THAT ABOUT?

CLOMPTY-CLOMPTY! SLAM!

YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, I'M AFRAID!

THE NEXT MORNING, ALL IS WELL...

WE OWE PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL A LOT!

LET'S PAY HIM A CALL AND EXPRESS OUR GRATITUDE.

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE PROFESSOR CAME THROUGH FOR US!

THE DEAN!

YOU THREE AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE!

WE HAVE NO PLACE FOR MURDERERS HERE!

PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL! BUT HOW-??

COME ALONG, NOW. WE HAVE A NICE EFFICIENT GALLows WAITING FOR YOU THREE!

AH, YES! YOU'RE DOCTOR HACKENBUSH, THE GENTLEMAN WHO REPORTED THIS HORRIBLE CRIME TO ME! ALLOW ME TO THANK YOU PERSONALLY, DOCTOR! BY THE WAY, WITH PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL'S TRAGIC PASSING, WE NOW HAVE A VACANT POST AVAILABLE HERE AT THE COLLEGE, AND I RECALL YOU SAID YOU NEEDED A JOB...

THANK YOU, DEAN WEXLEY, I'LL BE MOST HAPPY TO SERVE AS A MEMBER OF YOUR STAFF! YES... I'LL BE MOST HAPPY!

SO THERE YOU ARE, STUDENTS OF THE STRANGE... IF YOU RUN INTO A DOCTOR WHO SEEMS LIKE A BIT OF A STIFF, YOU KNOW THE REASON WHY!



SHRERR! THIS FRIGID LITTLE TALE WILL CHILL YOU IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! BUNDLE YOURSELF UP IN YOUR WARMEST LAMB'S WOOL AND PREPARE TO MEET A BAND OF SNOWMEN WHO HAVEN'T COAL LUMPS FOR EYES NOR A CARROT FOR A NOSE. THEY WERE KINGS OF THE TIBETAN MOUNTAINS UNTIL KELLER INVADED THEIR GROUNDS AND MADE HIMSELF...

KING KELLER

THEIR LONG WHITE FUR FLUTTERS IN THE WIND, AS THEY SEEK PROTECTION AMID THE ALABASTER DUNES. WITH CURIOSITY, THEY WATCH THE BRILLIANT ORANGE GLOW COMING FROM THE TINY TIBETAN VILLAGE. THEY HAVE NEVER KNOWN TRUE WARMTH FOR THEY HAVE NOT YET DISCOVERED FIRE. THESE ARE THE YETI-- THE SNOWMEN-- NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST.



WITHIN THE PALACE OF THE HIGH LLAMA, A PARTY OF SCIENTISTS AND EXPLORERS FIND THE LLAMA A GRACIOUS HOST.

ONE OF OUR RESEARCH MISSILES HAS CRASHED INTO YOUR MOUNTAINS. OUR MISSION IS TO BRING BACK THE INSTRUMENTS IN THE NOSE CONE WHICH WILL TELL US MORE ABOUT THE PLANET MARS!

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE INSTEAD OF THE CONQUEST OF YOUR FELLOW MAN. THIS IS TRUE PROGRESS AND I ENTHUSIASTICALLY ENDORSE YOUR ENDEAVOR, MR. BLAUE.



BUT I MUST WARN YOU THAT NOW IS A DANGEROUS TIME TO CLIMB THE HIGH PEAKS. THE YETI HAVE BEEN DISTURBED...

... AND THEY HAVE CARRIED OFF MANY OF OUR SHEEP HERDERS AND FARMERS TO SOME UNKNOWN FATE. THEY HAVE NOT YET GATHERED THE COURAGE TO ENTER ANY OF THE VILLAGES, BUT I FEAR...

EXCELLENCY! EXCELLENCY! THE YETI HAVE TAKEN LI-CHOU, YOUR DAUGHTER!



IN THE MORNING, THE STORM HAS FADED. TAKING WITH IT, ALL THE TRACES OF THE NIGHT RAIDERS.

AGAIN, YOUR HIGHNESS, MAY WE SAY HOW SORRY WE ARE ABOUT YOUR LOSS!

YOU ARE VERY KING, MR. BLAUE. I WISH YOU SUCCESS ON YOUR MISSION.



WHY SHOULD ME BE SAD? HE HAS EIGHT MORE DAUGHTERS AND BESIDES, HE'S A KING. A KING CAN HAVE ANYTHING HE WANTS, ANYTHING!

I WONDERED WHY THEY CALLED YOU "KING KELLER." DREAM ON KELLER BECAUSE THAT'S ALL YOU CAN DO.

YOU'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE ENOUGH TO WEILD POWER.



AFTER DAYS OF TRAVELING WITH SHORT REST PERIODS IN SLEEPING BAGS, THE PARTY REACHES THE PROPER SITE FOR ITS FIRST CAMPGROUND.

DOCTOR BIANCI, SET UP YOUR INSTRUMENT TENT THERE AND WE'LL ERECT THE SUPPLY TENT NEXT TO IT!



HOW CAN WE LOCATE THE ROCKET WITH THESE GADGETS, DOG?

THE MISSILE SENDS OUT ULTRA-SONIC WAVES WHICH ARE PICKED UP BY THE ANTENNA OUTSIDE THE TENT AND CHANGED INTO ELECTRICAL IMPULSES BY THESE "GADGETS".



BY TURNING THE ANTENNA UNTIL WE GET THE STRONGEST IMPULSE, WE ARE ABLE TO CALCULATE THE DIRECTION AND DISTANCE WE ARE FROM THE MISSILE.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND YOUR MISSILE. IT'S GOING TO BE RUINED. THAT PARTICULAR AREA HAS NEVER BEEN EXPLORED BEFORE.



MILLER, TELL EVERYONE TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S AND PUT A GUARD ON THE SUPPLY TENT, BECAUSE...



THE STRANGE MELODIES OF THE NIGHT WIND KEEPS THE GUARD OCCUPIED. HE IS UNAWARE THAT THE TUNES SING OF HIS DEATH!





TWO MORE CAMPS HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED, AND THE DAYS PASS UNEVENTFUL. THE FINAL STEP OF THE MOUNTAIN TREK IS MADE BY ONLY THREE MEN...



CUT HIM LOOSE!
FOR GOD'S SAKE,
KELLER!
CUT
HIM
LOOSE,
OR
HE'LL
TAKE
YOU
DOWN
WITH
HIM!



SNOWMEN, YETI, WERE
WAITING FOR US. IS
THERE ANOTHER WAY
TO THE TOP?



YES, FOLLOW
ME. WE'LL BE
THERE IN AN
HOUR.

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE
EXPLORERS ARE DAZZLED BY
A MOONLIT SCENE...



FANTASTIC! BUT IT
COULDN'T BE BUILT
BY THOSE BRUTES.
THEY HAVEN'T
THE MENTAL
PROWESS FOR
SUCH A TASK!



LET'S LEAVE
OUR PACKS
HERE. WE CAN
MOVE EASIER
WITHOUT THEM!

THE TWO MEN SOON FIND THEMSELVES
IN THE INTERIOR OF A LARGE TEMPLE...

THE ROCKET!
AND LOOK
AT THE YETI!
WHAT'S
CALUSING
THEM TO
ACT THAT
WAY?

THE MISSILE GIVES OFF
ULTRA-SONIC WAVES—
WAVES TOO HIGH FOR
US TO HEAR, BUT IT
MUST BE DRIVING
THEM CRAZY.
WE'D BETTER
HIDE WHERE
THERE ARE
FEWER
YETI!



THE TWO MEN DISCOVER A SMALL ROOM,
WHICH CONTAINS THE...

PRINCESS LI-CHOU!



THE YETI LOOK UPON YOUR MISSILE AS AN AVENGING GOD. THEY GIVE TRIBUTE AND HUMAN SACRIFICES TO IT IN HOPES THAT THEY CAN APPEASE IT. WE'RE SAFE HERE ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME. THEN, THEY'LL BE COMING FOR ME.

BUT WHAT ARE THE YETI WHO BUILT THE CITY?

ACCORDING TO TIBETAN LEGEND, A TRIBE WENT INTO THE FRIGID WILDERNESS TO BUILD A PARADISE, BUT THE ENVIRONMENT DEFEATED THEM. ONLY THE STRONGEST SURVIVED AND USE FOR GOLD/ THEY DEGENERATED INTO APES-- THE YETI.

DID YOU SEE THAT STUFF, BLAUE? A MAN COULD LIVE LIKE A KING-- A KING!



COMPANY! WE NEED A BETTER WEAPON THAN PISTOLS, THEY DIDN'T WORK AGAINST THEM AT THE CAMP! FIRE!

THE YETI LEARN THAT MAN CONTROLS MANY PAIN GODS -- FIRE AS WELL AS SOUND.

WE'RE ALMOST OUT! THEY WON'T FOLLOW US AS LONG AS WE HAVE THESE TORCHES!



OUTSIDE THE CITY...
TAKE THE PRINCESS BACK. I'M GOING TO REAP MYSELF SOME YETI WEALTH!

KELLER, YOU'RE INSANE! YOU CAN'T GO BACK!

LISTEN, MR. SILVER SPOON BABY, I GREW UP WITH NOTHING BUT DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR AND ONE HARD FACT THAT I DIDN'T HAVE THE BRAINS OR LUCK TO EVER REALIZE MY GOALS. SURE I'M GOING BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT KANG KELLER BECAUSE I KNOW HOW TO TURN OFF THE ROCKET!



WITH THE COOL COURAGE
INSPIRED BY GREED
KELLER RE-ENTERS THE
TEMPLE...

FOLLOWING THE LATE
BIANCHI'S INSTRUCTIONS,
KELLER YANKS A GREEN-
GRAY WIRE FROM ITS
TERMINAL AND ENDS THE
YETI'S TORMENT!

COMPLIMENTS OF KING KELLER!
NOW IF YOU'LL JUST SHOW YOUR
GRATITUDE BY BEING GENEROUS...



YOU NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED
KELLER, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO
HARM YOU. YOUR CORONATION IS
ABOUT TO BEGIN. YOU'RE ABOUT
TO INHERIT ALL THE WEALTH
AND RESPONSIBILITY OF ROYALTY!

NO! THERE ISN'T ANYONE ELSE! QUIT BOTHERING ME ABOUT IT! I JUST CAN'T THINK OF YOU AS MY WIFE!



EVER GET THE URGE TO KILL? DALE CURRY JR. HAD IT ALL HIS LIFE... AND HE LIVED TWICE!

I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!

EVEN AS A BABY, DALE BECAME AWARE OF HIS FATHER SLOWING AT HIM WITH HATRED.

DALE OFTEN WATCHED HIS PARENTS SECRETLY...

AND DALE HIMSELF WAS OFTEN HURT...



AND THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO ABOUT IT. GRADUALLY, HIS HATRED GREW...



... AND PESTERED...



...PESTERED LIKE A CANKER...





IN HIGH SCHOOL,
DALE
BEGAN TO
TAKE A
GREAT
INTEREST
IN
PHYSICS...



AND ALL THAT
HE DID OR
THOUGHT WAS
GIVEN DIREC-
TION BY HIS
HATRED OF HIS
FATHER!



BUT
IT
WAS
TOO
LATE!

THAT EVENING...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO
TELL ME... IT'S MOTHER!
SHE'S DEAD!

HOW DID
YOU KNOW?

I... KNEW
IT HAD
TO
HAPPEN!

AND YOU'RE
GOING TO
DIE, TOO...
AND
SOON!

STATE HIGHWAY
CONSTRUCTION SITE

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STATE HWY FUNDS \$32,000.00

I FORGOT JUST WHEN,
BUT I KNEW IT WAS
GOING TO BE SOON!

THESE'LL TAKE
CARE OF
HIM!

WHEN HE TURNS
THE KEY ON IN
THE MORNING...
WHAM! AND WITH
THE ALIBIS I'VE
FAKED I'LL BE
IN THE CLEAR!

THAT'S RIGHT,
FATHER DEAR...
JUST GET IN
AND START
THE ENGINE!

IT'S
TODAY!
HE
DID IT
TODAY!

WHAT'S THE USE...
IT CAN'T GO ON!
I'LL END IT... NOW!

CLKK!



DALE WAS RIGHT—NO ONE DID SUSPECT HIM...
IN FACT...



THANK YOU, OFFICER! I'M SURE YOU DID YOUR BEST!

WITH THE INSURANCE MONEY FROM HIS FATHER AND MOTHER, DALE WAS ABLE TO CONTINUE HIS EDUCATION



THIS MONSTER'S TAKEN ALL MY MONEY AND MUCH OF MY LIFE! AN ONCE I USE IT, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO RETURN TO THIS TIME! AND WHAT I PLAN TO DO MAY ERASE ME - BUT I SHALL DO IT! I WILL KILL MY FATHER... BEFORE HE MET MY MOTHER.... BEFORE HE MADE HER LIFE A LIVING HELL....!



BUT TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN, HE HAD TO TRACE HIS FATHER'S HISTORY FROM BIRTH ONWARD...

I'LL HAVE TO FIND THE PROPER NEXUS... THE RIGHT TIME TO KILL!



SOMEPLACE, SOME TIME... ON THIS CHART IS THE PROPER MOMENT TO MURDER!

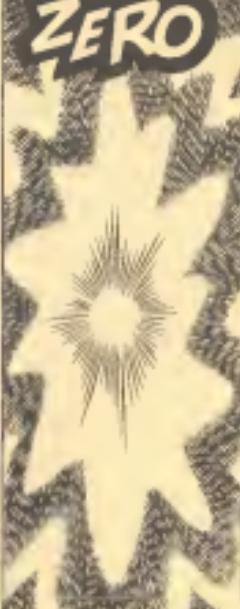


SOON, ALL WAS READY!

SIX... FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE...



ZERO



DALE WAS ON TARGET. A FEW INQUIRIES TOLD HIM THAT DALE CURRY OFTEN PASSED THIS WAY IN THE EVENINGS...

THIS IS THE DAY MY FATHER LEFT THIS TOWN IN A HURRY... BUT NOW HE'LL NEVER LEAVE IT!



DON'T TURN AROUND!
IS YOUR NAME DALE CURRY?





DALE JUNIOR!

THAT FACE...
IN THE GLASS -!
OH DEAR GOD!
IT'S MY FATHER!
I'M MY OWN
FATHER! NOT THAT
STRANGER I KILLED...
ME!! AND THAT BABY -
IT'S ME AS A CHILD!
WHAT IN
GOD'S NAME
HAVE I
DONE!?!

DARLINS...
PLEASE ...
AREN'T YOU
COMING TO
BED YET!?

NO...UH, ER...NO,
I'M GOING DOWN-
STAIRS AN' WATCH
TELEVISION!

YOU'LL GROW UP AND
YOU WILL KILL ME - AND
NEVER REALIZE UNTIL
NOW THAT YOU'VE
KILLED YOURSELF!

SURE...HAVE
FUN WHILE
YOU CAN.
YOU
MONSTER!
I KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
THINKING...
I JUST
WISH MY
MEMORY
WAS
BETTER SO
I'LL KNOW
WHEN!



NO! I DON'T
WANT TO PLAY
WITH YOU - NOT
NOW OR EVER!

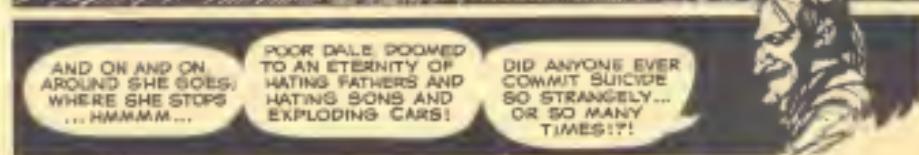
I'VE GOT TO
FINISH THIS...
BUILD ANOTHER
TIME MACHINE...
TO GET OUT OF
THIS TIME! BUT
THE LIMITED
TECHNOLOGY
... IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

NO! AND QUIT NAGGING ME!
YOU SOUND LIKE MY...

WHAT PERFECT
IRONY! OF COURSE YOU
SOUND LIKE MY MOTHER!
ONLY YOU COULD!

IM SORRY, DEAR!
ONLY PLEASE DON'T
BE SO CRUEL IN
FRONT OF THE BOY!





LOOBS HAD A NAME ONCE—THAT MUCH HE KNEW, AS THE TRIPATHIC HUM SUBSIDED IN HIS MIND, SIGNALLING THE END OF HIS SHIP. SO OBLI TROD AGAIN TO REMEMBER—HE DIDN'T WANT TO REMEMBER, WHO WOULD?

DO YOU THINK MACHINES HAVE SOULS, GORE—
SUTHER? A GOOD QUESTION—SINCE NOBODY
PROVOKED OTHERWISE. BUT—MACHINES ARE SOMBRI
PEOPLE, PEAK FRICTIONERS, WHO CERTAINLY HAVE
PROFOUND THINGS THEY HAVE NAMED! ARE YOU IN THIS
HUNGRY'S GAME? IS YOUR NUMBER-BR-AWME—

MACHINES HUNGRY



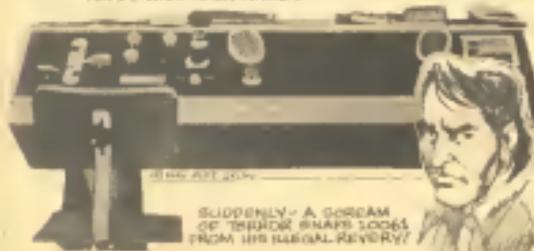
THERE COULD ONLY BE SOUPP
FOR THOSE WHO CIVILIZED
FROM THIS NICHEN...BUT THE
THOUGHT PERSISTED—WHO
AM I? WHAT IS MY NAME?

EEEAHHHH!!!



ANOTHER BERSEKER...
A DEVANT...AND TADY
WOULD STOP THEM
ALL 'DAD' OTHERS...

A DEVANT!
KILL
HIM!



SUDDENLY—A SCREAM
OF HORROR SHAKED LOOBS.
FROM HIS INSANE REVERIE?

IT'S A BERSEKER!

ART AND STORY BY ERNIE COLON

HANG HIM DOWN...
ALL RIGHT - SHOOT
HIM DOWN!...



DON'T
SHOOT, DON'T!



YOU SHOWED ME
YOU A DEVIL, TOOT NO.
NO, I
SWEAR
I'M NOT!

"WHY
ARE YOU
TRYING TO
HAVE JUST
BROKEN UP?"

HE HAD TO THINK, AND
QUICKLY OR HIS LIFE
WOULD BE OVER. HE WAS IN A
MATERIAL STATE. HE
HAD TO TRY TO GET HIS
MIND TO STOP THINKING
ABOUT SOMETHING...



"I-
AFRAID
I WAS
ONE OF THE AMONGST
YOU
SHOT AT HIM. PERHAPS YOU
COULD CHARON
HIM INSTEAD."

"I TALK WITH THE WORKER,
GUARDIAN
THE GATE THE MAD DOG!"



"THE GUARD WAS NOT
A PROLONGED ONE -
THE WORKER HAD BEEN
EXHAUSTED. INFORMATION
HIS MACHINES
DISAPPEARED. MIM..."





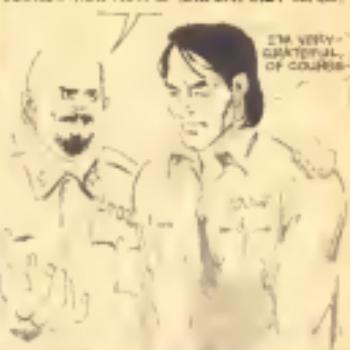
LOOBS TRIED TO HOLD HIS KNEES STREADY AND WAS GLAD, WHEN THE INTERVIEW WAS OVER, TO GIVE THE GUARDS THE OB-MANDATORY BALLOON... A HAND BEFORE THIS BYRD....

THE WAY HOME SEEMED DARKER THAN USUAL TO HIM, THE THOUGHTS OF VONDER ABOUT HIS NAME NOW SWIRLED WITH THOUGHTS OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT OTHER NAMELESS MAN, AND HE DARED TO PREVENT SURVIVOR SHIVERED—TRYED TO BURN A HAIR'S BREATH FROM KILLING HIM AS WELL!

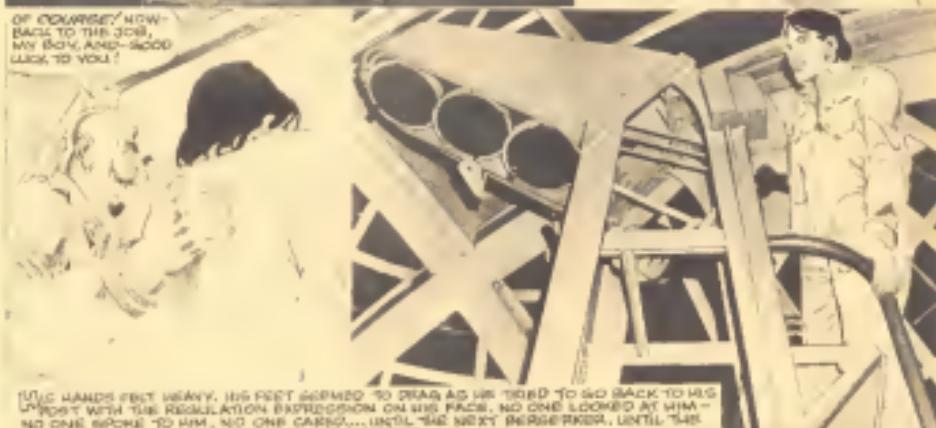


THE FOLLOWING DAY HE WAS CALLED TO THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE. HE'D NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE AND HE FELT THE SAME UNCONTROLLED, SHAMEFUL TREMBLING OF HIS KNEES.

ADMIRENCE / THERE'S NO "PRIDE" ABOUT IT; THE CREDIT GOES TO GOD. BY THE WAY - YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW YOUR DESIGNATION NOW IS TENDER, FIRST CLASS!



OF COURSE! HOW BACK TO THE JOB, MY BOY, AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!



LUC HAD HIS FEET HEAVY, HIS FEET SOARED TO DRAKE AS HE TRIED TO GO BACK TO HIS POST WITH THE REGULATION EXCITEMENT ON HIS FACE. NO ONE LOOKED AT HIM - NO ONE SPOKE TO HIM - NO ONE CARED... UNTIL THE NEXT BERSERKERA, UNTIL THE NEXT DEVILANT WAS ARRESTED... OR STOPPED.





THE BURPOMATIC HUM SIGNALLED THE EATING FREEDOM HIS MACHINE PROGRAMMED TO HIS DIET REQUIREMENTS, AUTOMATICALLY CHOPPED HIS FOOD PACKET.



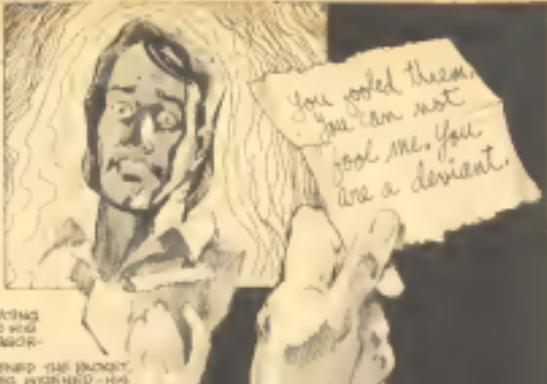
AS HE OPENED THE BAGLET, IT BURPED PISSED WITH HIS MOUTH BLACKHELD WITH FEAR, SOMETHING—SOMEHOW HAD PLACED A MOVE IN HIS FOOD PACKET!



WHO AND WHO COULD DO SUCH A THING? HE WOULD DARE TO PRIVATELY TO ACCUSE ANY OF DEVIATION & HE LOOKED AROUND AT HIS FELLOW WORKERS, BUT THERE WAS NO REPRESSION—NO SIGN



I JUST TOLD YOU YOU DIDN'T YOU ARE ACTING IN A NON-REGULATORY MANNER, AND YOUR INVITATION IS YOUR DESIRE—REASON



WONDER—WHAT EXPRESSION I WAS THAT YOU HAD ON YOUR FACE A MOMENT AGO?



REPRESSIONS ON MY FACE? OR I HAVE EXPRESSION ON MY FACE, GEE?



MY DESIGNATION—2 582—MY NAME IS JONATHAN—JONATHAN!

WORKER, YOU ARE
A DEVIANT!!

IT WAS SIMPLE, AFTER ALL.
HE KNEW HIS NAME. HE
KNEW HIS PLACE. AND
IT WAS NOT HERE... NOT
WITH THESE MEN... NOT
WITH THESE MACHINES...

...BEFORE ALL THIS CAME TO BE...
BEFORE MY NAME WAS FORBIDDEN,
MY NAME WAS JONATHAN!!

AN ARROW

AND HIS
LAST ONE
TILLY YESTER-
DAY!

SOME WERE DYING
WITH HIM AND
THOSE MACHINES
WOULD NEVER
ALIVE. NEED
REPAIRING, BUT...
HE WAS FINISHED.
THEY HAD
STOPPED HIM.
THERE WAS NO
GOOD TO HIS
LIFE. AND NOW...
WHAT WAS THE
POINT OF HIS
DEATH....

...MEN, IN THE CROWD, JONATHAN SAW HER. HEIRS WAS THE
ONLY FACE WITHOUT HATRED OR FEAR. IT REMINDED
HIM OF HIS OWN FACE WHEN THAT OTHER, BRONXER,
HALF-RIVEN STOPPED. HE KNEW, JUST BEFORE HIS LIFE
CAME TO ITS END... THAT SHE HAD SENT THE NOTE...

THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Tony Boatright of Douglasville, Ga., worked up this rendering which shows a considerable amount of talent.



We felt that Jim Erskine of Bowling Green, Ky., was so multi-talented that we've decided to print his story "The Axe Men" and also run two of his illustrations which shows great promise incidentally, his style is similar to that of Ernie Colon's, wouldn't you say?



TO FILL A BOTTLE OF BLOOD

卷之三

Creamy bottling ship out? I think? Just as long as it will get us out of the city away from the cops in a hurry. Bruno, we're going to take like hours now as we run out of steam.

"Vince, I don't like being showcased in this vessel, something about it has an aura of evil. Yet we better leave those gems on, we don't know if they're real or not."

Stirring up the gongolok virus and brutes routinely board the cruiser named The Bleeding Skull. Crawling into a lifeboat they pull a dingy black cover over their feverish bodies. Hours roll by until the ship moves in fresh ocean and two pairs of eyes peer from the gloomy depths. They silently scurry across the top deck as predators.

Vince turns to Bruno proclaiming "You need to worry. We're too far out at sea for them to run back. All we have to do is leave the game in the boat and retrieve them when we hit Europe. We're not worried there for anything. Besides I'm stoneass." *(The End)*

Walking up the dark stairs glances in through a partially opening a merkin appearing kitchen. Cobwebs hanging loosely from its walls. Opening the old wooden door quietly they step into a wide kitchen. A long slender table stands to one side and on it a sharp ironstone dressing with blots.



This drawing was sent to us from Charles Jones of Victoria, Texas which he calls, "The Soul Slayer."

Dawn comes forth and south, crackle through the ocean Harbor. Two bottoms lunge desperately. In form of a mighty cruiser. Steel mounting down their foreheads.

long as it will get us out of the city away from the rats in a hurry. Bruno, we're vessel, something about it has an aura of evil. Yet we better leave those gams one roundly board the cruiser named The Bleeding Skull. Crawling into a lifeboat they howl until the ship moves in dark ocean and two pairs of eyes peer from the deck as porters.

We worry. We're too far out of sea for them to turn back. All we have to do is leave Europe. We'll not want them here anything. Besides I'm strong.

A porthole evening a mordant appearing kitchen. Colorless hanging loosely from its walls are wide utensils. A long, slender, white handle hangs vertically and glints in moonlight.

"Footsteps. Voice mumbles something. In the doorway stands a thin man, the appears more dead than alive. Deep shadows envelope him; he walks free and two padded steps which could shell a man's soul.

Vince and Bruno are planning their "Senior Class" class reunion and Vince's about half. You must stay for the mouse!"
Vince bounds back snatching a jar containing Ireland. Hurting him in the minister's face, Bruno tackles him, pinning the jar to Ireland until the friend's heart exploded out of his broken jar-shaped body. Bruno and Vince start down the stairs.

"What kind of demons are they?" questions Bruno.
"Zombies!"
Tutting the corner five of the unearthly creatures leap upon their victims. Two hearts burst faster on a savage battle is underway. The brothers are fortunate as they subdue

Then goes using korote.
They observe the shoga's storage room and leave in.
"We can't hold them off forever what do we do," asks Bruno.
Korote's face turns red with anger.

"Better hold a place to hide from those beasts until we NICK our pair!
3 screens
Figures emerge from the cargo which resemble millions of cells.
I'm glad you dropped in gentlemen. You may be able to elude our servants, but
rest assured, we can often change in form. I'm sure you will both taste excellent."
No one answered.
144-BB REVENGE



THE ANNIVERSARY

By Brad McEvitt

IT WAS too late to change his mind. And he knew it.

You'd better have a good story—calling me over on an angelic night like this," he said, entering. "I don't know. For some reason I had to call you. In the back of my mind, there's something about Alex."

"Aunt Christ! We're forensics to be rid of him, and his hawkishritchcraft. I can never understand why you two were so close." Alex scoffed.

He was the only living part of my brother Scott. He—he was much like his father.

Yeah, until he went crazy. He was an okay guy. Wouldn't even eat like I'm glad we're rid of him.

Outside, a figure ran from the rocks where any human being would most certainly have been smashed to pieces. With unsteady steps, he walked forward toward the lighthouse.

One week he died last year. I've felt that I've lost a part of me. Not even a body to bury.

"I still think it's strange that you got out of the boat," while Alex shivered. John?

Any time attacking the—of describing him—Alex began.

Before Lewis could even cry out, the door flung open, revealing the most ghastly abomination imagined in his most terrible nightmares. The thing was rearing flesh and bones revealed in tattered dress where the flesh was gone together. Half encased in ice, the creature appeared to have been frozen.

The thing advanced toward the immobile Lewis. It snatched him and he screamed, but was helpless against it as it dropped him out the door. Before it vanished into the darkness, it threw a small, golden object to the floor. Clancy recognized it as the golden ring that he had given to Alex one year before.



GHOULS POWER

by Howard Williams

A young man from Baghdad reported Olo, interested in beautiful girl and enjoyed several weeks of happy married life before he noticed something peculiar about her: she never ate with him. When asked what she shared, she said that she had never been able to swallow the body of eating陌生人—she which had been cooked on her by a sheikh of all power. One night after she left dinner, Olo, awake and discovered she was no where to be found. Shortly after she left Olo ate his wife return.

The next night he presented to sleeping to see if she would go out for another nocturnal walk. When she thought he was asleep she slipped off bed, dressed and crept out of the house.

Creeping himself, Olo watched as she entered a huge vault in an old tower. Creeping closer he saw what was going on in the dim, smoky recesses of the

tomb. He was startled to discover his wife in the company of several other ghosts eating bits of sickening remains or a freshly buried corpse. With their eyes gleaming they devoured the jagged chunks of human flesh and devoured with relish flesh and devoured with relish with terror and revulsion. Olo shuddered away from the tomb, fled the cemetery and ran home.

The next day he behaved as normally as he could until supper when his wife refused to eat. He could sustain himself no longer. Olo jumped to his feet and cried out. "So you prefer to eat the flesh of a camel?"

Horrified that she turned pale and left the room. Hearing the wails, Olo would himself with a sharp dagger before retiring that night and waited for further developments. At about midnight he heard a screaming sound. Courtingly he grasped the hilt of the knife and held his breath. Suddenly

with the ferocity of a wild animal his wife leaped on him, shuddering him like a horse and snapping at his throat with her razor-like fangs.

Summoning all his strength, he jumped up and plunged the dag into her breast, halving her on the floor mortally wounded. Then rushing from the room, leaving a trail of blood, Olo hurried his last words who come in exile and returned to his needs.

The next day Olo buried his wife and then would lie the end of all was mortal. But she had no intention of staying in her grave. Two days after her body was buried at the stroke of midnight she appeared again in her husband's room.

Trembling shaken by the shock, Olo arranged the following morning to open his wife's grave. When this was done a ghastly sight met his eyes. The woman ap-

peared to be fully alive, merely saved unless from her lips fresh blood dripped down the side of her mouth, drenching the coffin and staining her hair. Olo immediately left the tomb to the house of his father-in-law and demanded an explanation.

His daughter, he told them, had been a student of necromancy and black magic.

But, when the mother learned that her wife was a vixen, she killed her on the spot. After being buried however, she came back from the tomb and went to stay with her father, who pampered her to remain out of fear for his own life. By day she would live as a normal human, but by night she would joined the darkness in the company of ghosts like herself, upon hearing this revelation, Olo abandoned the body dismembered and burned it, thus isolating himself from her permanently.

He spell Radio. Change me back or the next seconds will be your last!"

Brain consulted. His

no more! Brain screamed. His

no more! We handled a book from the Root. You are evil EVIL! you must be destroyed!

He wrung upon her suddenly wildly, lunging the huge bone madly, he met her skull with iron strength. Tercio, Julie fell to the floor.

Brain knelt beside her and shook her violently. "Now Remove

her

now

now Brain didn't even have a thought—

He couldn't even scream.

THE APE MAN

By Jim Blake

Bron crossed. Here in this your green corridors of red reflected light he has remained for four upon years. Century upon century.

His form was that of an ape. He prudently made down the corridor, sneaking all doors along its way. He would not look and make her tell him how to return to her

form. He would again be human. Where are you? Brain cried. Where? Where?

Far behind her, at the other end of the corridor, he heard a voice strong and defiant. I am here. Bron.

Brain asked. His face contorted with rage. "How? Didn't? How do I return to my human form?"

Brain, I'm sorry. I never had to really thought I would come to this. You see, Brain... keep you here for

good reason. I changed you. For good reason. But you've forgotten.

No more! Brain screamed. His no more! We handled a book from the Root. You are evil EVIL! you must be destroyed!

He wrung upon her suddenly wildly, lunging the huge bone madly, he met her skull with iron strength. Tercio, Julie fell to the floor.

Brain knelt beside her and shook her violently. "Now Remove

her

now

now Brain didn't even have a thought—

He couldn't even scream.

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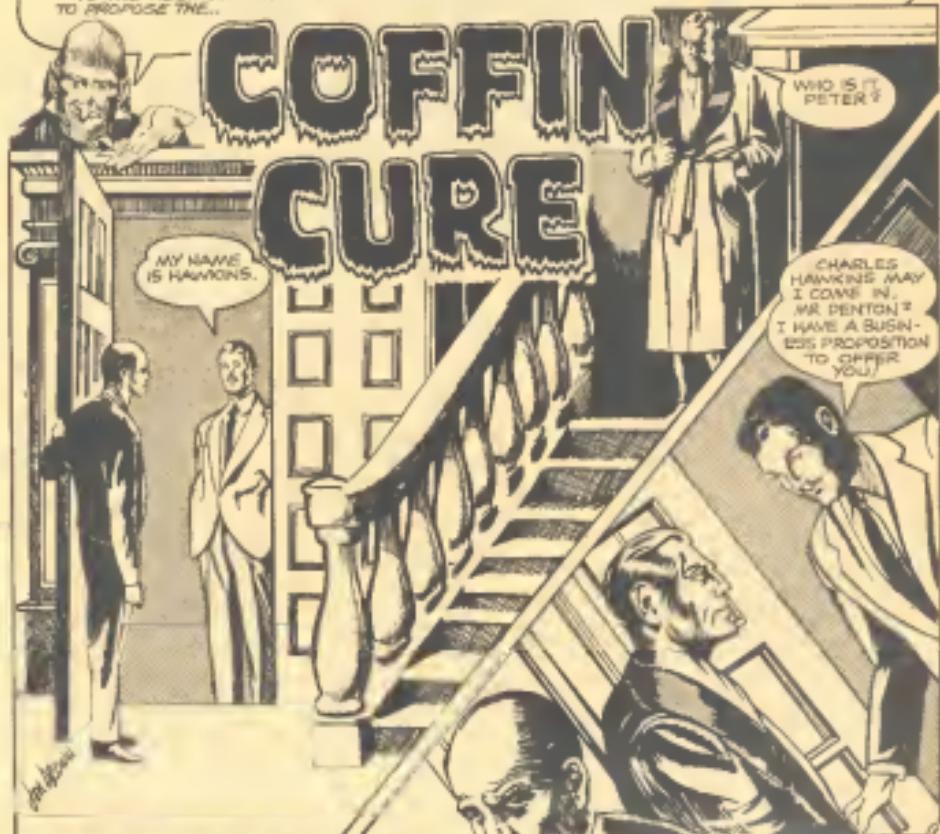
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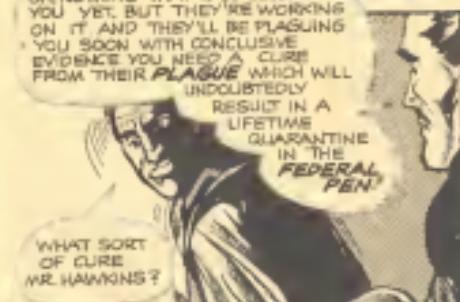


A COMMON ENOUGH SCENE, ONE ENACTED COUNTLESS TIMES EVERY DAY. THE SIGNIFICANT DIFFERENCE HERE, HOWEVER, LIES IN THE PURPOSE BEHIND THIS PARTICULAR CALLER'S VISIT. FOR HE IS ABOUT TO MAKE A MOST SINGULAR OFFER TO THE RESIDENT OF THE LUXURIOUS MANSION HE HAS APPROACHED. HE IS ABOUT TO PROPOSE THE...

COFFIN CURE







I'M NOT JOKING DENTON.
AND I'M NOT AFTER YOUR
LIFE EITHER. WHAT I HAVE
TERMED THE COFFIN CURE
MAY BE YOUR ONLY CHANCE
TO ESCAPE A RAP OF
LIFE IN A STYLING
PRISON

I THINK IT'S TIME
YOU EXPLAINED
YOURSELF FULLY
MR. HAWKINS.

MY INTENTIONS EXACTLY SIMPLY
STATED, I PROPOSE THAT YOU
EXPERIENCE A SIMULATED DEATH...
TOMORROW YOU WILL BE LEGALLY
BURIED, THE POLICE WILL OF COURSE,
CEASE THEIR INVESTIGATIONS
OF YOU, AND I WILL DIG YOU UP
BEFORE YOU REGAIN
CONSCIOUSNESS.

I HAVE FULL DISPOSAL OF THE FACILITIES AND
CHEMICALS NECESSARY TO PUT YOU IN A
COMA SO DEEP THAT IT WILL APPEAR TO
BE DEATH. IN ADDITION, I AM A FULLY
LICENSED PHYSICIAN CAPABLE OF
DECLARING YOU DEAD

IT'LL NEVER WORK!
IT'S PREPOSTEROUS!
THEY'LL NEVER TAKE
YOUR WORD FOR IT!
BESIDES, I'LL SUFFOCATE
UNDER EIGHT FEET
OF DIRT!

I SAID I CAN PUT YOU INTO AN
EXTREMELY DEEP COMA.
MR. DENTON YOUR HEART AND
PULSE BEAT WILL BE
IMPERCEPTIBLE TO A NORMAL
EXAMINATION THERE WILL BE
ADEQUATE AIR IN THE COFFIN
TO ACCOMMODATE YOUR
DECREASED NEEDS UNTIL
I RELEASE YOU.

BUT I HAVE
CLAUSTROPHOBIA!
I COULDN'T STAND
BEING CONFINED IN
A COFFIN FOR
A MOMENT!

YOU SHALL BE
UNAWARE OF IT
UNCONSCIOUS UNTIL
I DIG UP THE COFFIN.
IN FACT YOUR DEATH
WILL ENDURE FOR
THREE FULL DAYS
UNTIL I
RETRIEVE YOU.

YOU WILL BE EXAMINED
BY OTHER PHYSICIANS
AND DECLARED OFFICI-
ALLY DEAD. I ASSURE
YOU, AFTER YOU ARE
RESURRECTED, YOU
MAY HAVE PLASTIC
SURGERY PERFORMED
IN SWEDEN AND BEGIN
AS ANOTHER MAN.
IT IS FOOLPROOF AND
THE PRICE IS \$100,000
AGREED.

WELL, QUINN SAID
YOU WERE OKAY -
I SUPPOSE SO IT
IS BETTER THAN
LIFE IN THE PEN



GOOD MEET ME TOMORROW
SEVERAL BLOCKS FROM THE
MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
WHERE I AM A STAFF
PHYSICIAN. THE TRAFFIC
COP THERE WILL BE AN
EYE-WITNESS TO YOUR
HEART ATTACK. NOW,
YOUR CHECK IF YOU
WILL?

WAIT A MINUTE!
YOU DON'T
GET PAID UNTIL
I'M SAFE!

THEN THE DEAL IS OFF
MR. DENTON I CANNOT
RISK MYSELF IN THIS
MANNER WITHOUT
PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.
I HOPE YOU LIKE THE
SIGHT OF IRON BARS.
FOR SOMEONE WITH
CLAUSTROPHOBIA,
OF COURSE...

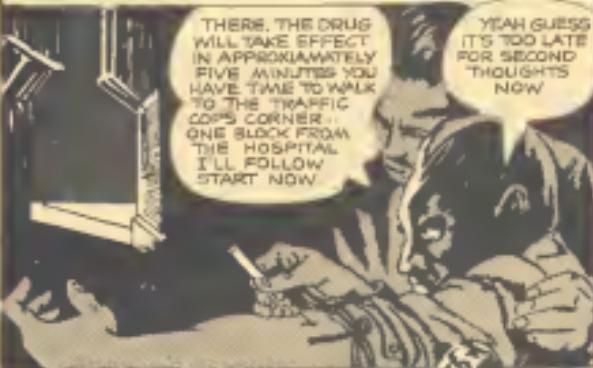
NO, WAIT!
HERE, I'LL
SIGN THE
CHECK!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN A DESERTED ALLEY SEVERAL
BLOCKS FROM THE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

THERE. THE DRUG
WILL TAKE EFFECT
IN APPROXIMATELY
FIVE MINUTES YOU
HAVE TIME TO WALK
TO THE TRAFFIC
COP'S CORNER...
ONE BLOCK FROM
THE HOSPITAL
I'LL FOLLOW
START NOW

YEAH GUESS
IT'S TOO LATE
FOR SECOND
THOUGHTS
NOW



LET ME
THROUGH I'M
A DOCTOR





... WHILE INSIDE THE COFFIN...



WELL, HAWKINS, HERES YOUR TWENTY GRAND. YOU SURE AWAKE YOURSELF A BUNDLE ON THESE JOBS COLLECTING FROM ME AS WELL AS YOUR VICTIMS. OH WELL, IT'S WORTH IT TO ME. DENTON WAS GETTING TOO HOT HE WOULD'VE HAD THE POLICE DOWN ON MY NECK WITHIN A MONTH WITH HIS BUNGLES.

AHHA! THANK YOU, MR QUINN. IRONIC THAT DENTON HAS CLAUSTROPHOBIA. DONT YOU THINK? I GUESS HES BEEN AWAKE FOR A WHILE NOW HAHA!

YOU SURE HAVE A GHOUЛИSH SENSE OF HUMOR, HAWKINS. NOTHNG WRONG WITH YOUR BUSINESS SENSE, THOUGH. COLLECTING TIME FOR YOUR OPERATIONS AINT BAD.

YOU COULD SAY THAT I COLLECT THREE TIMES ON THESE LITTLE DEALS, QUINN.



A CALLER ABOUT TO COLLECT THE THIRD TIME FOR HIS COFFIN CURE!

AND ONCE AGAIN MR DENTON RECEIVES A CALLER. A CALLER WITH AN EVEN MORE SINGULAR PURPOSE...



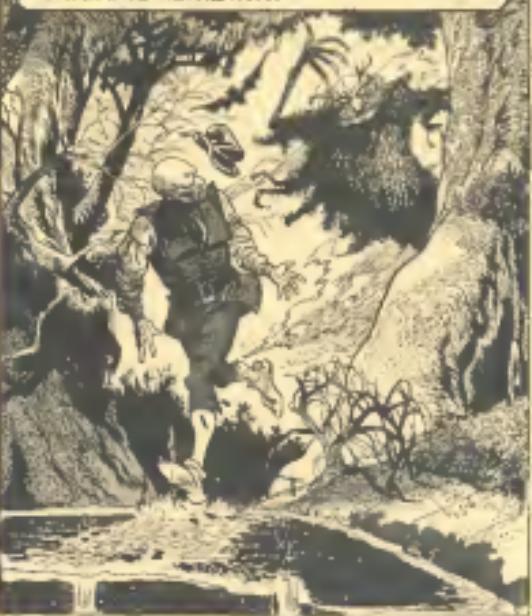
AND NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN THE PAY OFF TO MR. HAWKINS EERIE ENTERPRISE, WHY NOT MOVE ON TO MY NEXT BIT OF BEASTLY BUSINESS.



AND SO IT CAME TO PASS, AS IT ALWAYS HAS, THAT WHEN THE GENTRY HAD GROWN WEARY OF THE LUXURY OF VIRTUOUS INDULGENCE IN THE HUMANITIES, SOME TURNED TO THE OCCULT TO STIMULATE THEIR JADED INTERESTS! THUS, AS ONE MYSTICAL ADVENTURE INVITED ANOTHER, IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT A VISIT BE PAID TO...

THE CASTLE

AS A PLACE OF HISTORIC HORROR, THE CASTLE FALKE HAD LONG BEEN ABANDONED TO CRUMBLE AND DECAY - TO NURTURE SUPERSTITION AND DREAD...



AND ON OCCASION WHEN THE UNWARY WOULD VENTURE TOO CLOSE... THEY WERE GREETED BY CHILLING TERRORS DESIGNED TO PROVOKE AN IMMEDIATE RETREAT....

AND FOR THOSE CONCERNED WITH EXPLANATIONS, IT WAS GENERALLY ACCEPTED THAT THE APPARITIONS WERE THE WORK OF THE DWARF, PRINZLEPRAG WHOSE FAMILY HAD FOR GENERATIONS BEEN SHELTERED BY THE STONES OF CASTLE FALKE!



IT IS WHISPERED THAT THE POWER OF GOLD CAN EVEN COMMAND DEMONS! AT ANY RATE, THAT WAS THE SUBJECT OF A RENDEZVOUS BETWEEN THE DWARF PRENSLEPRAG, AND ONE HERR FRANK BAER!

AND, I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU MUST MANUFACTURE HOBBGLINDS TO FRIGHTEN AWAY INTRUDERS, HERR PRENSLEPRAG, BECAUSE I MUST SAY.. YOUR APPEARANCE IS MORE COMICAL THAN FEARFUL!

LET IT BE UNDERSTOOD, THAT MY PARTY WILL SPEND ONE NIGHT IN THE CASTLE FALKE! AND SINCE A 'SHIVER' OR TWO WILL BE ENJOYED, AN EXTRA COIN SHOULD ENCOURAGE THOSE SPRITES OF YOURS TO STALK THE HALLS! NICHTWAHR?

YA! GUT GENIUS!



SINCE I AM LOOKING FOR HORRORS NOT JESTERS.. IT WILL SERVE THE EVENING IF YOU STAY OUT OF SIGHT!

SO GEHT ES IM LEBEN, YA!



AND SO THE STAGE WAS DRESSED FOR A JOURNEY INTO TERROR... AND THE PARTICIPANTS CLATTERED TO THE OCCASION IN MORBID ANTICIPATION!!

HURRY. WE MUST BE THERE BEFORE SUNSET!

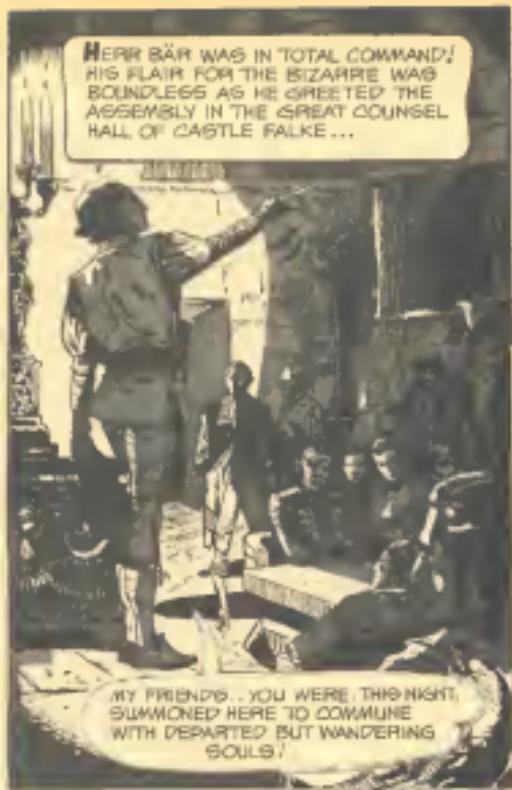
JAWOHL.



THIS WOULD BE A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH
TO MAKE HERR BAER THE TOAST OF HIS
TWITTERING ilk!



HERR BAER WAS IN TOTAL COMMAND!
HIS FLAIR FOR THE ISZARRE WAS
BOUNDLESS AS HE GREETED THE
ASSEMBLY IN THE GREAT COUNSEL
HALL OF CASTLE FALKE ...



W.S.V.
THIS WAS THE
ESTATE OF BARON
HELMUT FALKE--
A MAN OF GREAT
PASSION AND
CRUELTY. THESE
WERE THE LUGGS
THAT INFLUENCED
A DARK DAY IN
THE WINTER OF
1764--!"

NO.. BARON.. SIRE..
PLEASE MY DAUGHTER
IS NOT HERE.. SHE ..

STAND ASIDE,
SWINE! YOUR
DAUGHTER IS
HERE !

THE BARON'S FERVOR MOMENTARILY DENIED HIM
THE REMINDER THAT SOME FATHERS WILL DEFY
AUTHORITY TO PROTECT THEIR DAUGHTERS...

AH!

HAHAHAH!

RUN,
GIRL!

A SCREAMING,
SEARING HUMAN
TORCH ILLUMINATED
THE NIGHT...

A LESSER MAN
WOULD HAVE
PERISHED... IF
NOT FROM THE
STABBING PAIN

..THEN, FROM THE
AGONIZING WEEKS
OF CONVALESCENCE,

BUT, THE BARON FALK
DID PERISH... AND HIS
FACE WAS LEFT AS A
MASK OF INDESCRIPT-
ABLE HORROR.



BUT CONQUEST WAS
NOT THE SAME.. HIS
VICTIMS COULD NO
LONGER BE WOODED
TO HIS WILL.. THEY
COULD NOT LOOK
UPON HIS HIDEOUS
FACE !



THE BARON'S INJURY
FAILED TO COOL HIS
ARDOR, AND SHORTLY
HIS SHADOW AGAIN
WAS FALLING ON
PERISHABLE YOUNG
MAIDENS :

THE BARON FOUND
THIS REVILION
UNBEARABLE.. SO
IF SIGHT WAS THE
SOURCE OF HIS
ANGUISH... THEN
SIGHT MUST BE
ELIMINATED !



THE BARON WITHDREW TO THE SECLUSION OF HIS QUARTERS, AND IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED.. HIS FACE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN! THOSE SELECTED FOR HIS AMUSEMENT WERE FIRST BLINDED.

AND SO IT WENT UNTIL A NEW RECRUIT PROVED THAT A PERVERSEFUL BLADE COULD BE WELL DIRECTED EVEN IN DARKNESS!

..AND THAT, MY FRIENDS.. IDENTIFIES THE SPIRITS THAT LURK IN THE SHADOWS THAT ENSULF US!

BUT TONIGHT WE MEAN TO SEE THEM.. TO LOOK INTO THE MUTILATED FACE OF BARON FALKE.. AND DARE TO LAUGH IF WE SO CHOOSE!

DO.. YOU HEAR ME,
MAD BARON!
..COME FORTH!

ISN'T FRANK A BIT STRONG
..I MEAN...
IF THERE ARE SPIRITS...

I FIND IT EXCITINGLY DARING!

WHERE IS THAT STUPID, PRENSLEPRAG?
I THOUGHT HE HAD DRAMATIC TIMING!

CAN YOU HEAR
ME, BARON FALKE?
WE'RE CALLING YOU!

DO NOT BE AFRAID, UGLY
BARON..WE MORTALS JUST
WANT TO BE ENTERTAINED
BY YOUR AFFLICION!

AIEEE!

BE PATIENT, RICH
MAN..I WILL
GIVE YOU A
SHOW!

.. A SCREAM
.. AT LAST THAT
SILLY DWARF IS
WAKING UP!

SUDDENLY,
BAR'S TAUNTING
OF THE SUPER -
NATURAL FROZE IN
HIS THROAT AS THE
COUNCIL ROOM WAS
SWEEPED BY A BLAST
OF RANCID AIR...

PERHAPS
YOU'VE BEEN
DEAD TOO LONG,
BARON! PERHAPS
YOU CAN'T
MATERIALIZE!

WHA...
?

HERR BAR
WAS HELD
FAST IN A
PARALYSIS
OF FEAR AS
THE CHILL-
ING VAPOR
EMBRACED
HIM!

MINE GOTTL.. CAN
IT BE A GEIST?

NOT SURE OF WHAT
THEY WERE SEEING,
THE GUESTS GROPED
FOR UNDERSTANDING
... THEN IN A WINK -
IT WAS OVER...

GONE.. WUNDER
SCHON! A GREAT
ILLUSION... A...

... HIS EYES!

NO! NO
ILLUSION!
LOOK...

OH, YES, HERR BAR WAS
A SOCIAL RAGE - THE TOPIC OF
CONVERSATION FOR THE BETTER
PART OF A MONTH.. THEN HE WAS
RETIRIED TO A DARK EXISTENCE
WHERE HIS MOUTH WORKED AND
HIS VOCAL CORDS STRAINED,
BUT NO SOUND WAS HEARD.
SOME SAID HE WAS SCREAM-
ING HIS LUNGS OUT.

THE END

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SOME OF THE
GREATEST
STUFF YET!

HMM

YOU EVER DAY BOSTON, CARTOONIST, AND YOU'RE WORKING
TOOTH AND NAIL TO PUT ACROSS ANOTHER GALE! THAT'S
FRIENDLY FRED YOURE TALKING TO - HE'S OF ONE OF THE
MOST POPULAR FUTS SHONCE ON THE AIR! YOU KNOW THIS
MAY BE THE BIG CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE!

HERE'S A
GREAT SCENE!
CAT-TROAT'S
SHOWS AN ALIEN
HOPING TO GET
BLOWN UP, BUT
THEY ARE THE
BEST CARTOON
OF COURSE!

BOOM!

DAD, THIS IS
AWFUL!

I AGREE, MARION! LET'S GO!
I'D SLEEP ENOUGH OF
YOUR CARTOONING MATERIAL,
MR. BOSTON!

YOU WATCH HIM WALKING AWAY, IT'S
OVER NOW, ISN'T IT, CLEPT YOUR BIG
CHANCE-DOWN THE DRAIN... SILENTLY-

YOU CAN'T
TELL ME ANYMORE!
YOU MIGHT LAUGH
OUT AT TIME
MAN WHO HAS
RESELECTED YOU
AND YOUR
WORLD. THE
WORDS SLIP
FROM YOUR
THROAT BEFORE
YOU EVEN
REALIZE
YOU'VE
SPOKEN
THEM!



WHEN FRIENDLY FRED IS GONE, TAKING YOUR
FUTURE WITH HIM, YOU DECIDE TO TRY
TO CATCH ONE OF YOUR OLD SHOWS ON TV.



SOMewhere ALONG THE LINE YOU
GOLD OUT. YOU GOT CAUGHT UP IN THE
VIOLENCE... THE VIOLENCE WHICH HAS
NOW PLUMBED YOU!



THEY HAD A TIME WHEN YOU DID DECENT WORK, YANGNT THERE, CHART THAT NAME LONG AGO, AND IT DIDN'T SELL AS WELL AS THE TRAIN YOU PRODUCE NOW...

IN FACT, A LOT OF THINGS ARE OVER NOW...

YOU LAUGH SARCASTICALLY THROUGH YOUR MOUTH, THEN MAKE A VOW...



FINALLY YOU
HAVE THE FIRST
CHANCE IN YOUR
LIFE TO PROVE YOURSELF.
YOU MADE FISHERMAN
PACO'S CAR UP AHEAD
YOU'VE NEVER DONE
ANYTHING LIKE THIS
BEFORE, BUT YOU CAN'T
TURN BACK - NOT AFTER WHAT
I'VE DONE TO YOU. . .

...YOU STEP ON THE GAS AND
GET ALONGSIDE OF PACO... THEN

GOOD HEAVEN! THAT
MAN IS TRYING TO -
FORCE ME OFF
THE ROAD -
I'M LOSING
CONTROL.
AAAHA

GREECHIN

SEE GREECH!!



I WISH AT ONCE
YOU'VE BEEN
PROBOSPHUL!

PACO IS UNCONSCIOUS
BUT NOT DEAD....

311. YOUR TABB LOUD CLOUD
EVERYTHING WILL LEAVE THE
WORLD IN THE DARK. IT'LL BE
ACCUSED OF DRUNK DRIVING!
HELL BE RUINED AS A MIDDLE
GLOW HOOT! JUST AS I AM RUINED! HAHA!

THE NEXT DAY ...



IT MIGHT UNTIL SHE
LEARNED THAT THE
FULL IMPACT OF HER
WORD HAD HIT YOU....
YOU'RE A —
MURDERER!

I NEVER MEANT
FOR THIS TO HAPPEN.
I JUST WANTED TO —
SMASH HIM!

WHAT YOU CAN'T THINK LONG ON THE EVIL OF WHAT
YOU'VE DONE! YOU HAVE TO THINK
OF HOW TO ESCAPE PUNISHMENT
FOR YOUR CRIMES!

WHAT IF SHE
GOES TO THE
POLICE WITH
THE SUSPENSE
AND TALKS
HER? I'VE GOT
TO GET OUT OF
HERE — TAKE A
DRIVE — THINK
THINGS OUT...

YOU DRIVE ABOUT
A LITTLE.

GUARD, I'LL TURN OFF AT THE
NEXT ROAD! I'M NOT GOING
ANYWHERE, ANYWAY!

THIS IS SOMETHING
STRANGE AND HAPPENING
HERE! THE ROAD
LOOKS LIKE A —

CARDBOARD
MONKEY!



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